

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

### BOOK I.

#### CHAPTER XX. SUCCUMBING.

YOUNG Mr. Leader was fast recovering, and it now began to be noticed in the place what a strong influence Doctor Findlater was beginning to have over him. This was naturally set down to "scheming," to designs for entrapping the lad—whispers which he met by anticipation, boldly saying: "I know well what's said behind my back, because I have the young fellow to dinner now and then. Little I care. If I was to go into the market, I could have my pick of the dukes and lords for my two sweets at home. Just let me finish curing off the lad, and then they'll all see."

Colonel Bouchier, in his blunt, off-hand way, declared that "Findlater was an uncommon good fellow," and that if he took charge of "Baby Leader" altogether, it would be an uncommon good thing for the boy. Indeed, he had Doctor Findlater to dinner at mess every second or third day, and that gentlemen, by his spirits, his unflagging good humour, his stories, and even his wit, of which article the united contributions of the regiment could hardly supply even a grain, became so popular and even indispensable, that he might be considered almost a commissioned officer out of uniform. This popularity of the Doctor had a curious effect on the young man: who did, indeed, look to the possessor of this charm with a sort of awe and reverence—as a being of power, that could do almost anything. He felt a kind of pride in that power, especially as the Doctor always came to his rescue when there was any "chaffing" going on, of which he was the object, and routed the

assailants with a good-humoured forbearance that showed a strength in greater reserve.

Young Leader was one of that class which delights in being surrounded by inferiors in rank, and whose real comfort and only satisfaction are the homage and submission they receive from that quarter. In the regiment he never was at ease, but in a circle like that of the Doctor's, where he was not only king, but emperor, he found himself in his element. He really delighted in the two girls, and the strange prohibition laid on him by the Doctor irritated him. Yet he stood in such awe of the Doctor, that he dared not disobey his injunctions, and the family were yet not able clearly to understand which of the two he preferred. Popular enthusiasm and partiality at once set down that it *must* be the all-captivating Polly. His devotion to Katey, by a strange domestic blindness, was assumed to refer indirectly to Polly; and, through the same feeling, Katey seemed to herself to be acting entirely as deputy for her sister—a sort of confidant whom the reverence, and perhaps shyness, of the young man required. It is wonderful in a family, when some such theory is assumed, how everything is insensibly forced to support it—even matters which seem to level the whole fabric to the very ground. It was further assumed that the whole was a mere question of time, that Polly's triumph was assured: while that young creature, with much fluttering, and even blushing, would pass by the great gate of Leadersfort, and think nervously that the time was at hand when she might "sweep in," lying back in her own carriage. How many nights did the mother and the two sisters ring exquisitely melodious changes on this key!

No more enchanting pastime had ever been found for them. It never palled. It was indeed a bit of true comedy to see the assumption by Polly of the semi-state and airs of the great lady; the conscious smile, the struggle not to appear proud or elated; the assurance again and again repeated, that she would always be their own old Polly. *Indeed* they should always be with her. For, of course, she would be at Leadersfort all the summer and autumn, after the season in town. And Peter, he, of course, must retire. Give up his profession.

"Ah, yes, mamma, dear, you know we couldn't have Peter going about prescribing. No, we must get him a good place. That is, of course, if it is to be, which—no one can tell," added Polly, wistfully.

Katey reassured her enthusiastically. "Why it's certain, dear; what is he coming here every day for, when Peter is out? What did he say to me, to-night? 'I never,' he said, 'am so happy as in this house, because I know,' and he looked over at Polly—'I know you all like me.'"

"And what did you say, Katey dear?"

"I said that we all liked him, and that you said he was so clever, and were always looking forward to his coming."

#### CHAPTER XXI. A SCENE AT MESS.

ON one of the greater guest nights, the colonel had invited Lord Shipton, for the first time. That "life and soul," the Reverend Mr. Webber, was also there—in- dispensable, it would seem, on any occasion of revelry.

Just before the dinner began, Colonel Bouchier, who seemed "put out" and flushed, took the Doctor to the window. "I shall burst a blood-vessel, Findy, if this goes on. That low attorney has been at it again. The insolent scoundrel! either he or I must quit. I'm told he said to some of his low scum in the town, 'that he can play me like a fish.' I suppose he thinks he can reel me out and in as he likes. I declare I was near kicking him down the parade to-day."

"Easy, easy, my dear colonel; that wouldn't do at all. Maybe he might come across me one of these days, and I might do it for you. They can't touch *me* at the Horse Guards. There's no knowing what might happen: for, in all candour and truth, I feel much the same to him as my poor old mother did at the sight of a tom-cat."

The obnoxious officer, Captain Hickey, was present on the occasion, and was as

free and unconcerned as if he were on the best footing possible in the regiment. It was known that two or three did not speak to this gentleman, and that some more did so as little as they could help. Of this feeling he affected to be utterly unconscious, taking his share in conversation in a loud, unconcerned way, addressing even those who did not desire to address him, and affecting not to perceive that he was rebuffed or unnoticed, being, as the doctor said, "highly pachydermatous." The only person to whom he was not thus deferential was the Doctor, whom, with a just instinct, he seemed to recognise as his enemy. All through the dinner the Doctor exercised a sort of protection over his "young patient," in which there was nothing obsequious, but which was more a good-natured protection, and bringing him forward. "Mr. Cecil was telling us a capital story the other day," he said. "It made them all laugh so when I told it to my girls." And the Doctor did not allow the other to relate the anecdote, but said, "You must let me tell it, Mr. Leader:" so the wondering youth found the meagre scrap that he had imparted to his friend coloured up, stretched, and varnished into something that made the table roar. The substratum of truth was there; but the Doctor was admirably histrionic, and invested the little history with dramatic contrast, and humour, and liveliness, so skilfully, as to make the young man believe that he had narrated something highly humorous—a feeling attended with gratitude to the Doctor for bringing him forward in this way, and giving him a chance of impressing "the other fellows" with respect. Captain Hickey alone remained grave and unmoved. The Doctor, like other humorists, did not relish this indifference. "Not up to the mark!" he said; "not put in big letters enough like the primer. But it is a real good story, and I'd like you, Mr. Hickey, to understand it. So I'll put it plainer. There was a fellow——"

The others enjoyed this humour of the Doctor's, and smiled and nudged each other.

"Don't give yourself the trouble," said the other. "I did my best to laugh, and don't at all demur to the intelligibility of the matter."

A twinkle came into the Doctor's eye as he looked up and down the table. "Demur? We don't want demurrers in *this* place, or pleadings, or rebutters, or sur-rebutters.

The next thing maybe we'd be furnishing each other with bills of costs."

There was a scarcely suppressed laugh down the table, in which the loud "bark" of the colonel was conspicuous. The Doctor looked round innocently. Mr. Hickey flushed a little. Then he said quietly: "I will not misunderstand that allusion, and the enjoyment it causes. It has been often cast in my face that my father happens to be a solicitor. I think it bad taste, especially as some of us live in glass houses of the same kind."

"Oh, dear," said the Doctor, "it seems to me, that the only bit of glass here is over you, and you are mightily afraid a little bit of stone will break in on you."

"Well, almost," said the other: "my brother officers have a sort of privilege, setting the bad taste of it out of the question. But you are our guest here."

Young Mr. Leader here called out in a rather excited way: "No, he is my guest to-night. I asked him!"

The Doctor grew serious, and half rose. By this time they were all in an ante-room, and smoking had set in, and various liquors were on the table.

"Oh, if it is thought I am not welcome here—even to one of the company——"

"Nonsense," the colonel said, crimson with rage. "I must beg, Captain Hickey, you will not affront any guest of mine. I won't put up with it. I am president here."

"Quite right, and it is only equity that your guest should not affront me."

"My dear colonel," said the Doctor, coolly, "make your mind easy; no man walking on two legs shall affront me, without at least my sending in a little bill of costs; which I won't allow to be taxed either. My friend, and no longer patient, I am happy to say, put the right point before the court, and I am sure his lordship there will rule with me."

Another roar at the unpopular man brought some colour to his cheeks.

"No longer under your hands," he said, trying to sneer. "Can that be said with truth?"

The Doctor bit his lip, and answered: "I should like to ask Mr. Leader which treatment he prefers, yours or mine: which most conduces to his general health, eh, Captain Hickey?"

This thrust produced a palpable effect both on the person at whom it was aimed, and on the company, who saw that it told, without knowing why. Young Mr. Leader coloured. After a pause, the Doctor

nodded his head with a sort of triumph, and changed the conversation.

"A hand of whist, boys, and let Billy there be orchestra, and tune his little instrument."

The game was made; the colonel would not play, but walked about with rolling eyes and restless manner. In vain Mr. Webber essayed to soothe his soul with some of his choicest ditties; in vain the Doctor, after he had put down a card, would send some jest over his shoulder. Mr. Hickey did not play, but kept his ground, smoking steadily. Sometimes those next the colonel heard him give a sudden stamp, and mutter something about "gentlemen." But the Doctor's behaviour, as he played on, and won, was the most piquant. He seemed to found all his thoughts and speeches on legal metaphors. "Trumps all round; then we're all made parties to the suit. How d'ye know I haven't another in remainder, though? There, that's a ca. sa. for you!" putting down a card violently. "And there—there's a fi. fa., and a distringas on the top of it." At each of these allusions the colonel, standing over the fire, gave a "guffaw" to himself, as if relishing the whole intensely. When they had all risen, and the Doctor said, looking straight at Mr. Hickey, "Jury discharged," the officer said, coolly, "I am surprised that Doctor Findlater does not show more tact; for now that this series of legal jokes is done, you should have known that Colonel Bouchier has been on thorns all the time."

The colonel turned on him, with eyes starting from their sockets. "What, are you speaking of me, sir? Leave my name alone, sir."

"Then you should not ask a man of this sort here to annoy us."

"We are all gentlemen here," said young Mr. Cecil, greatly excited for his friend, "and we don't want to have six-and-eight-pence charged for every word we speak."

"I say nothing to you, a poor sick boy," said Mr. Hickey, "as you are not accountable, and are always a mere puppet in the hands of another. But I again ask Colonel Bouchier if he could not be brought to account for allowing language so offensive to one of his own officers to go on in the mess-room—for not only allowing it, but encouraging it?"

"Sir!" said the colonel, beside himself with passion, his words struggling with each other at the gate of his mouth, and utterly blocking the passage.

The whole audience were growing excited, save only the Doctor, who was quite cool, and laid his hand on the colonel's arm, as who should say, "Easy now; just let him go on." The other, looking leisurely at his cigar end, to see why it did not burn freely, did go on:

"If I *was* of that litigating disposition you speak of, I might contrive to give you a good deal of trouble; but, for the sake of the regiment, I would not do that, and can make all allowance."

"And a most judicious forbearance," said the Doctor. "I think I may interpose here, as the matter concerns me. Now, how is Colonel Bouchier accountable for what I choose to say to you? I don't think, at least, he could send me to my room, and clap a sentry at the door, or bring me to a court-martial. Not but that, if it gave you pleasure, colonel, I'd be proud to be treated like one of the regiment; for all your friends would do more than that for you."

Loud "Hear, hears!" came from all parts of the room.

Young Leader, catching the general excitement, started up:

"What does he mean—what do you mean by talking of me as a child? It's infernal free and easy, Hickey, and I won't have it."

"Take my advice, and keep yourself still. I can stand the whole regiment's finding their pleasure in the gentlemanly amusement of reminding me of my father's calling. They are heartily welcome, I am sure. But take my advice, Leader, and let me alone. You may have reason to be sorry for interfering with me."

"I don't care what you do," said the young man, colouring; "you may set all the pettifoggers in the country at me. I don't care. But we are *gentlemen* here."

"Ah! there's for you," said the Doctor, in delight. "Well returned, colonel. Did you ever see the little boys on the sands pelting mud over a garden wall, while some one inside sends back a stone? I declare I'm proud of my poor *invaluede*!"

Mr. Hickey turned and left the room without a word. There was great enjoyment over his repulse. It put the whole party in spirits.

The Doctor, when he rose to go away, about two o'clock, called out to the only Irish officer in the regiment, and who "belonged to the Johns of Castle Johns, County Galway," that he "wanted to tell him about the little bay mare." The con-

versation about this animal took up a long time, during which young Leader, over whom the Doctor now seemed to exercise quite a fascination, waited for him.

The Doctor came out in great spirits, and was a little curious as to any remarks that had been passed in his absence.

"I'll engage, now, they thought we let off that quarter-sessions fellow too easy. I'll bet, now, some of them said they thought an Irishman would have hit him between the eyes. Come, my dear Leader, out with it."

"You are wonderful," said the youth. "Well, Gamgee did say something about hoping to see a little Donnybrook."

"All professional jealousy, my dear boy, because I saved you from *his* lancet. Ah! but that's a low, coarse way of righting a man, dealing with a gentleman of the law. Why, he'd have 'slapped' an action at me, and put five hundred damages in his pocket, with costs for his dear papa. Mark my words, dear lad," the Doctor said, stopping suddenly in the road, "no man ever trifled with Peter Findlater, or those belonging to him, but he wasn't sorry for it. Be he prince, peasant, peer, or practitioner, I've always rubbed his nose to my very boot sole! The Findlaters, sir, are gentlemen, and *were* gentlemen before the Anglos got into the country; and from the days of Finn ma Cool downwards, every man of 'em wore his pike, or his pole, his whadd'ye-call-it, or his pistol, and used it too! A professional man, sir, that belongs to the healing art, is a gentleman above all. I'm proud of being a physician, sir, and no fellow begotten of an attorney shall ever get the better of me! Mind what I say here, under the blessed light of the moon, I'll root that fellow out of the regiment."

Inspired by this martial tone the young man said:

"I cowed him, didn't I, though? I think I put him down—eh? Tell me what I am to do to him next. How dare he to attempt to speak to me in that way? I can't pass it over, you know. You understand about these things in Ireland. But then—" The young man coloured, and hung down his head.

"But then what?" said the Doctor, looking at him curiously. "Whisht! leave him to me. We'll have the lasso about his hind leg before a week's out. No man must lay a finger on this job, Mr. Cecil. It belongs to me—sacred to my own department. I tell you, sir, and I'd say it before the whole regiment, no born



man ever meddled with one of the Findlaters—one o' th' Irish branch I mean, sir—that didn't wish himself unborn. Good-night!"

## CHAPTER XXII. PRESTIGE OF THE DOCTOR.

ON the next day, towards evening, the town had, indeed, important things to talk of. In every house it was known that the most dramatic series of incidents that could possibly be conceived had taken place. Captain Johns, of the regiment, had that morning waited on Captain Hickey, of the same corps, on behalf of Doctor Findlater, demanding a full apology for some words used the night before! He had waited on that gentleman at six o'clock in the morning, begged to be referred to a friend, in the usual course, and had with difficulty consented to a delay of one hour, to give time for consideration. Doctor Findlater had desired that everything should be arranged finally before breakfast time, as he meant business, and did not wish even a whisper to get abroad, which "might spoil sport." Captain Hickey, it was then said, had made protests against the absurdity of the whole proceeding, calling it an anachronism, and adding it was ludicrous that he should be called to account for what he had never intended to do, that is, affront Doctor Findlater. On the contrary, he had put up with a great deal from that gentleman.

"Did you ever hear of such an excuse from a fellow with a heart, *nominally*, sir, that of a man? I believe that it's a jack-snipe's that has got into him by mistake. A fellow excuses himself from giving the satisfaction of a gentleman, *because* he was insulted himself! Why, he ought to thank me on his bended knees for giving him the chance of wiping the mud off his clothes."

Before noon the whole affair had been settled, and the Doctor had related the story for about the twentieth time, and with the most minute and circumstantial details. He tried all his special demurrers on Johns. Why should he fight with a man who had not injured him? Did he refuse? No; but he could not agree to fight. He'd fight at once on a just cause. Well, then, of course, he must apologise. No. If any offence was named, and that he considered an offence, he would do so at once. "Did ye ever in your life," cried the Doctor, "hear of such low hair-splitting, or such Old Bailey dodges? I declare it sickens me—makes me ashamed of being a man. But when he came to that, I walked up to

pay him a visit myself, and just trampled through all his cobwebs. Just put it to him, did he refuse, yes or no, and faith, sir, he said 'Yes!'"

There was much excitement in the regiment when the officers met at lunch. Mr. Hickey appeared, as usual, quite unconcerned, and eat with an excellent appetite.

"You seem hungry, considering all you went through this morning," said the colonel, in great agitation. "I wonder how you can sit down here with gentlemen, after dragging the honour of the regiment through—the—the mire."

"That is a serious charge, Colonel Bouchier, and should not come from you."

"Don't speak to me in that way, sir. You shall find more shall come from me yet. A court-martial, if I live till next week."

"You are entitled to bring me to court-martial; you will, of course, act at your own discretion. I invite it, I challenge it."

"Challenge!" the colonel said with a sneer. "The less you say about that the better."

There was a loud laugh at this.

"The rules of the service say sufficient about *that*," the other said, coolly, "and I am sure Colonel Bouchier does not invite me to break them by accepting—"

"I know also what the rules say!" roared the colonel, in a passion. "That an officer and gentleman is not to sit down under an insult."

"Exactly; but there was no insult given or received. An explanation set it all to rights."

"An explanation!" sneered the colonel. "You hear this fellow!"

He could find nothing more to say but, "Very well, very well, sir! We'll see about this!"

Mr. Hickey presently retired, and almost immediately appeared the Doctor, the hero of the day, who entered with an absent, sad, and downcast air. He was received with acclamation.

"Well, boys! This is disastrous; but a man can only do his best. You know at the bull-fights they sometimes get hold of a poor soft beast, and you may prod him and scorch him, and pull out his whiskers, and prick his nostrils with a needle, and nothing will make the brute fight. If a fellow says he meant nothing, and meant no harm, never intended to offend a child—why the ground is cut from under you. Well. Of course we'd have the good old remedy of a kicking, or

a thrashing; but then he'd instruct his father to take proceedings, with damages, and the pair would like nothing better. I give you my honour, colonel," added the Doctor, earnestly, "I did everything mortal man could do, to bring him to some sense of decency, even t' invite the assault and battery on his part. So I was obliged to put up with an apology. But I have it in writing, my boys. *He* calls it an explanation. Ah! Poor old Ireland, with all her backslidings, at her worst, she never came to *that*. If there'd been no offence previous, we'd create one out of compliment to the visitor. Oh, for the old times, when we were all gentlemen, and th' attornies were scarce! Never fear, colonel. Don't be down-hearted. We'll try something else yet."

This affair of the Doctor's raised his reputation prodigiously. Every one now looked at him with curiosity, awe, and respect; except, indeed, Mr. Ridley, who "pushed," and asked, "Wasn't it a fine thing to have those fire-eating Irish bullies among us?" The real effect—as our Doctor intended it should be—was upon young Mr. Leader, who now regarded his friend with a sort of tremulous awe, admiration, and alarm, mixed with a kind of dependence and helplessness, which made him consult the Doctor upon almost every point.

#### SLEEP AS AN INSTITUTION.

ONE of the pleasantest places in the world in which sleep can visit us is a summer meadow, when the grass is in flower. You nestle down among the tall, pliant green stalks, with a canopy of great white ox-daisies nodding over your head. You lazily watch the big "bumble" bee, in his velvet suit of black and orange, bustling about from clover-top to clover-top—a fretful lover, or a testy honey-merchant, whichever he may be, for he will reply to no questions. Presently he will come bouncing at you, as if you were an interloper whom he at once hated and despised; and then he will make off in a sudden rage, as hot and fiery as Blue Beard. Very soon all sorts of quaint-shaped creatures will one by one appear, and climb up into the golden dishes of the buttercup flowers, or on to the bending grasses, to look at you; little demure beetles will nod their heads and move their antennæ suspiciously; then will follow dainty ladybirds in their gay

shells, and stealthy timid insects, who will keep down low in the grass, and peep out at the intruder into their dominion, and pugnacious red ants, who fear nothing. A grasshopper is safe to vault over you acrobatically. A moment after, a white butterfly will career near you, reconnoitring for the hidden fairies; and little blue dragon-flies, with bodies like mere threads of sapphire, will skim past with their gauzy wings, wondering who on earth you are and what you want. Swallows will dart by with a curved flight, which is the poetry of motion. Gusts of wild-rose leaves will scatter over you from the neighbouring hedges. All at once, as you lie half-asleep, you will remember what it is you are like. Why, of course, you are like Bottom the transformed weaver of Athens, waited on by the fairies. That lark above, almost out of sight in the warm blue air, is, no doubt, Titania herself, singing to you before she descends at twilight and changes her shape and transforms the creatures that surround you into Peas-blossom, Cobweb, and the rest. They will dance round you, and then kneeling offer you refreshments, dew in acorn-cups and honey in rose-leaves. They will—but gradually the air gets stiller and stiller, a balmy calmness benumbs you, a sumptuous repose—you are asleep. Probably, if you are a family man, the clamour of many children will awake you, and a romping cluster of urchins falling on you, will drag you in to tea; or, if you are newly married, even a pleasanter form of awaking may arouse you, and two soft little red lips may press yours, and tell the "lazy, lazy fellow," in half a dozen kisses, that supper is ready.

I have often thought how pleasant it would be to go to sleep in the centre of a corn-field—a corn-field where acres of golden spears were swaying to and fro in the wind, and every breeze ploughed momentary furrows that close the instant the breath had passed. That delicious simmering sound would promote slumber; so also would that ceaseless crackling as of a fire running through straw, which shows that the grain is ripe, and that the dry husks are already parting. The languid poppies would be pleasant drooping over one's head, and fair would flutter the delicious blue of the corn-flower. But then mother earth is hard, and moreover Farmer Giles might strongly object.

I once slept in a tree—that was delicious. I was a boy then, fond of reading, and to get time to myself I used to climb

up a big sycamore at the end of our garden with my book, Pope's *Odyssey*, or the *Arabian Nights*, to find a green tent where I could enjoy my dream-world all alone. With the delight of Jack-of-the-Bean-Stalk, I used to climb and climb till I could find out a snug combination of boughs, where I could either sit or sleep. The thrushes sang to me as I lay there listening to the rustling of the sunny, transparent leaves, or, with book half closed, wondering how Aladdin would ever escape from the cave in which the cruel magician, his proud uncle, had just immured him. Then throwing my arm round a bough, with a delicious fear and a full knowledge that I might break my neck if I let go my hold, I used to snatch a moment or two of sleep. I had precedent for it, too, for some Ethiopian nation, I had heard of from Herodotus, used to live in trees.

There is something supremely delightful in the first night of a country visit. Everything is so quiet. One's ignorance of the place rouses the imagination, and sends it wandering. The sheets are so white, the air so pure; you open the lattice to smell the honeysuckle, and a moth puts out the candle. In the morning the birds greet you with a pleasant welcome; as you paddle across the floor with bare feet, and look out and find the window surrounded with white and crimson roses, a breath of paradise wafts in, rendering even early shaving an exquisite enjoyment.

Brave chanticleer with noisy din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin.

The pompous turkey-cock in an adjacent farm-yard breaks into hysterical laughter in his pharisaical pride at having got up earlier than his master. The geese gabble fussily as they betake themselves to their fashionable watering-place in the nearest meadow, that pond crusted with green weed not unlike mint sauce. On the fresh dewy lawn, all in a grey bloom, thrushes are pulling and hauling at reluctant worms, who, refusing to come up out of the hold, resist and wriggle like detected stow-aways. Dishwashers, most graceful and coquettish of birds, are pacing about, flirting their tails over the grass just under the big Portugal laurel; and every now and then scudding after flies, who, intent on ascertaining if their heads are screwed on firmly for the day, do not observe their pursuers till they are swallowed by them. By-and-bye the house begins to awake, some one shuffles unwillingly down-stairs, a broom

drops with ostentatious clatter. The next thing is the jolting open of a window-shutter; soon after that the kitchen fire begins to crackle, while some one moves chairs about and sings a snatch of some country melody. Presently there is a clatter of young voices, a cry and clamour of children; a bell rings sharply and chidingly. The house is getting up; then there comes the splash of a bath being filled, and the next moment comes a rap at your door, and a rough country voice says in pure Doric:

"If you please, zur, it is past zeven, and here's some warm water."

Eastern travellers, who have spent any time in the Desert, say that on their return to civilisation and four-post beds, there is, for a period, a feeling of constraint and oppression at night that renders sleep almost impossible. They miss the starry canopy and the great airy roof of night's black palace. I can well believe this, for I have myself felt a similar transition. Some years ago I rode for ten days or so through a part of Greece: every day's bivouac was an immortal spot. Thebes or Thermopylæ, Leuctra or Platea, Delphi or Lepanto. I was literally riding through Thucydides and Plutarch. Sometimes I spent the night at the houses of priests or old officers of the War of Independence; oftener I slept out in the open air. I and my dragoman, our two horses, and my soorieje, who drove the baggage horse (such a horse, I wondered sometimes he did not come to pieces on those bridle tracks of white marble round the roots of Parnassus), shifted as we best could. A day's journey or so from Delphi we were benighted in a wood close to the Gulf of Corinth: it was a wood of tamarisk and myrtle, myrtle twelve and fourteen feet high, the leaves green and glossy.

We rode on and on through the wood (within sound of the melancholy music of the sea washing upon the deserted shore), like travellers in a fairy story, until, led by the faint ray of the first star, we became aware of a little water-mill, at the dusty door of which sat a stolid old Greek, white with age, but still more with flour, who received us with the immovable, wonderless gravity of the Turk. He slew grimly a thin and muscular fowl which he roughly aroused from his first sleep; he roasted the bird with gravity; he boiled us water; he brought us bread, then, with the servile shyness of a serf, he sat apart under a myrtle tree, getting our coffee ready, affecting to take

no notice, but watching everything as I supped on the edge of my camp-bed. A meditative pipe followed, and then I went to bed in the open air under the shade of a hospitable sycamore. There I lay looking up at the sky. The mountains of the Morea were to the right of me, "the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky," and gentle influences came to me from heaven. A cloud was my counterpane, clouds were my bed-curtains, the roof of my bed-chamber was star-spangled, the Pleiades tucked me up. I consigned myself to the protection of God and then fell asleep, with a passing thought as to whether there were any wolves still left in that part of Greece. I never slept so soundly, or awoke so refreshed. I was sorry the next night to exchange that spacious and inexpensive bed-chamber for a dirty room at feverish Missolonghi.

One of the weirdest nights I ever spent was in an old panelled oak bed, at a village somewhere down in Leicestershire. King Richard the Third, "the wicked crook-back," was said to have slept in it his last night, the night before Bosworth. It was a stately, awful, ghostly kind of bed, with faded vari-coloured feathers, like undertakers' plumes, at the four corners. The huge posts were carved, the legs were carved, the roof (or whatever upholsterers call it) was carved; the panels at the back were adorned with rude scrambling thick-set figures of Alexander and his men slaying the miserable Persians, or it might have been the Macabees defeating the enemies of Israel. I did not like the look of the thing at all. Farewell to sleep I thought, directly the landlord threw open the door, and with a certain state ushered me into the room. There, then, had slept the deformed tyrant; there, then, he had divested himself of his ermined cloak, buff boots, stage jewels, the sword that had pierced good King Henry, and the dagger that he used restlessly to pull in and out of the sheath. Here, in uneasy sleep, Richard, then, had seen his victims return in ghastly procession. Henry the Sixth "punched full of deadly holes," Clarence, Rivers, Grey, Vaughan, Hastings, the two child princes "with bright hair dabbled in blood," Queen Anne, Buckingham. "Give me another horse, bind up my wounds." I kept repeating it all down to

Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all, guilty! guilty!  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me.

I spent a miserable night, so full of fearful dreams and ugly sights—that, as I am a man, I would not spend another such a night, though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, so full of dismal horror was the time, and so indeed I told the landlord when I paid his bill in the morning, and took the train for Leicester, flying from the house as if it contained some one I had murdered. The next day I stood on the very field where Richard fell, and saw the place where, desperately fighting, he was at last struck down, and his crown beaten off into a hawthorn bush; but I never slept again in that haunted bed.

There is sometimes a curious feeling of transformation when one awakes from sleep in an unusual place. I remember once in a knapsack walk through Switzerland, half way up the Tête Noir, throwing myself on my back close to some Alp roses. It was a calm Sunday morning, and there was no sound to break the sabbatical repose but the sleepy hum of a bee on a gentian flower a few feet from me. As I looked far across at the great white peaks of the Alps, I saw half way up a mountain a little spit of snow suddenly loosen and fall in a tiny cascade of white dust. That was a baby avalanche, and the next moment I heard the echoing thunder of its fall. From the valley below, blue with the flax flowers, arose the dreamy chime of bells. I stretched my limbs in profound enjoyment of that moment's halt on the march, and fell asleep. When I awoke, I awoke with a shout of surprise and a look of wonder at the fairy country in which I found myself. Who was I, and where was I?

I have felt the same feeling elsewhere. Once, in Wales, I was trout-fishing in a mountain stream in the very heart of Owen Glendower's country; along that stream his wild kerns and mailed bowmen had often stolen in secret foray against the English foemen; there, too, he and other warriors had hidden from the English bloodhounds when the knights of the English frontier were upon his track. It was a wild, impetuous little stream, capriciously violent and impatient of restraint. Great blocks of stone barred its way, and over these it dashed foaming, only to loiter in the deep still pools beyond. In the centre of the stream rose a rock, from whence, tradition said, an old Cromwellian trooper used to preach to his persecuted Puritan brethren, when the evil days came and the Stuarts had their own again, and a good deal of other people's besides. The



noise of the waterfall prevented the hymns these men sung being heard far beyond the spot where they met. I sat looking at the rock till I almost fancied I could see the grim hard faces darken as the preacher emptied the seven vials of Apocalyptic terrors over the heads of the Scarlet Lady and her adherents, the followers of the godless Stuart. The day was too bright; the trout would not rise even at my best flies. I laid down my rod to wait for the sunset, and as I lay there with my back to a huge block of stone, sleep came creeping towards her prey with velvet foot, and cast her enchantment over me. When I awoke the sun had set behind Moel Hebog, and I found myself in a transformed world. For the moment I felt like Abou Hassan, who lay down at the gate of the city, and awoke in the Caliph's Palace. That seemed the true way to enjoy sleep—mountains dim, vast, and mysterious for the walls of one's bed-chamber, and a rippling stream to lull one with its dreamy lullaby.

One of the strangest places to sleep in is an American railway car. It seems so odd to climb up on to a shelf, like an upper berth in a steamer, and to go to sleep while the train rushes and rattles on at the rate of forty miles an hour. The panting of the engine, the rumbling of the multitudinous wheels, are sounds from which you cannot easily divert your thoughts; if you do doze, the stopping at the stations is sure to awake you by the comparative quiet, and then a half drowsy fear seizes you that the train is perhaps being taken to pieces, or that it has reached its final goal. Then, again, you are apt to start at some louder pulsation or scream of alarm from the engine, and to imagine that a collision is about to take place. That alarm once roused, away jangle all your nerves, and there is no more sleep for you, my gentleman, that night.

The same distrust and uneasiness sometimes comes upon one when sleeping in a steamer. You awake in a stivy cabin and hear the screw gyrating in what you fancy a peculiar and alarming way. The sea was quiet when you took that last turn on deck, now you can hear it spooming and wallowing outside the porthole. It is raining, too—raining violently—you can hear it splash on deck. All at once some one shouts an order, and there is a scamper of feet over your head, a dragging at a chain, an angry flap of some unwieldy and rebellious sail. The vessel staggers as a big sea strikes her, and seems for a moment almost

to stop. Not a doubt about it, the steamer is going down; in a moment more you will be drowned in your bed. This is a horrible species of waking nightmare.

A terrible form of Black Hole of Calcutta sleep is to be met with during a night in an overcrowded diligence in winter, especially when the windows must be kept closed. I remember with a shudder such a night. We were going over Mont Cenis in a jumbling diligence, and four fat garlicky priests, who snored intolerably. The dense heat at first sent me asleep, but the hideous cramp and sinuous entanglement of limbs soon aroused me to the horrors of the situation; the feather bed of a man to my right was reposing against me with an amiable but overwhelming confidence. Struggling at last from under the doughy mountain that threatened to overlay me, I drew out my legs from the general herd in selfish but irresistible rebellion. Swiftly but stealthily my hand stole to the window; I slightly raised it, the night air poured in with delicious coolness. It brought with it fresh life, but, alas! that very moment the hot fat hand of the half-asleep man drew the window down with mute but imperious obstinacy, which repressed every future effort of insurrection on my part. How I survived that night I do not know, but when those four sacerdotal monsters rolled out next day at Susa, I breathed once more, flung down both windows scornfully and almost menacingly, and gave them my benediction in expressive Saxon.

One more night of horrors and I have done. In a walking tour through Germany, I and my companion found ourselves one evening entering a little village close to the Lake of Constance. My companion, who was half a German, knew every dialect that was spoken from Dusseldorf to Prague. We passed ourselves off as travelling pianoforte makers. The common room of the inn was full of queer, quaint people in odd costumes, high boots, red waistcoats, and a sort of cocked-hat. Many of them were from the Black Forest. Stolid, boorish people they were. Supper over, we went up to bed in a large old-fashioned room, with the usual stove in one corner. My friend had taken into his head suspicions of the place, and instituted a search round the apartment before we betook ourselves to our respective beds. All at once, as he felt along the wainscot a sliding panel yielded to his hand. It might have been only a cupboard-door, but still he did not like it. He proposed that we should watch by turns;

but we were tired, and getting into bed to discuss the matter we both fell asleep.

My dreams were seething whirlpools of horrors. Manfred pushed me over icy crags, or into the blue rifts of glaciers. Zamiels fired exploding bullets at me as I knelt imprisoned in a magic circle of phosphorescent skulls. The wild huntsman chased me through dark pine forests. I looked through the windows of woodmen's huts, and saw mocking ruffians cramming Fridolins into fiery furnaces. Wallenstein in black armour ordered me to instant execution, and I could see the headsman in the courtyard below trying the edge of the axe with his thumb. All at once a shout from my friend roused me. I awoke. The room was red with the reflection of flames.

"I told you so," he said, encouragingly; "I never liked this place from the first. The inn is set on fire."

But it did not happen to be our house after all. It was a tailor's at the end of the street, and presently the firemen came dashing up under our window, and shouting for the horses, that our landlord, as is usual on such occasions in Germany, is obliged to supply. The fire was eventually got under, and we left the next morning in no wise the worse. Our bill was a wonder in its innocent and moderate charges, but they made no deduction for those frightful dreams, which was wrong.

Shelley, begins that beautiful rhapsody of his, *Queen Mab*, with the lines:

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep.

Allegory is a dangerous edge-tool, and very apt to snap in the hands of the workman. An allegorical impersonation should be shown quickly, then instantly withdrawn. No inquiry should be made into its antecedents or its future. It is a beautiful allegory to call Death the brother of Sleep, but what would you say if you were asked who was Sleep's third cousin, or his aunt, or his grandmother, or his godfather?

Sleep is the holiday time of life, as death is the final breaking up. During half man's life the shop is closed and the shutters are up. Man needs forgetfulness half his life to enable him to endure the other half. Shakespeare, who has written finely about most things, has written very nobly on sleep. Witness that grand passage in *Macbeth*, so full of all his faults and all his beauties:

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

What a prodigality and even confusion of metaphors! Sleep a darning, a death, a bath, a balsam, a second course, a chief dish, and all in four lines! Shakespeare was fond of contrasting troubled royalty with contented poverty. The antithesis often occurs in his writings. Thus, in *Henry the Fourth*, the Prince says,

Sleep with it now,  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound  
Snores out the watch of night.

Almost the same thought he puts into the mouth of *Henry the Sixth*:

—The shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Boerhaave tells a story of a cranky German physician, who maintained that sleep was the natural state of man, and that to be awake was to be in a state of disease, under which belief this Teutonic dormouse eventually slept himself into an apoplexy.

What is sleep? you ask the doctors and the physiologists, and as usual they tell you the symptoms and results of sleep, and expound its diagnosis, but help you no further. In fact, all they know about it is that it is. Blumenbach attributed it to a diminished flow of arterial blood to the brain, but Dr. Elliotson, his commentator, justly remarks that this slower circulation is a consequence, not a cause of sleep. Pressure on the brain produces involuntary sleep, but, nevertheless, there need not necessarily be pressure in true and natural sleep. Here, again, we arrive at one of Nature's closed doors.

The writers on sleep have noted several of its phenomena. At the battle of the Nile, some of the ship's boys, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep at the foot of the guns that were for a moment ceasing their remorseless fire. There have been men so accustomed to the din of forges and the noise of mills that they could not sleep in quiet places. During the retreat from Corunna, the soldiers were often seen marching fast asleep. Some great men, like Napoleon, have been able to sleep at will. Sir Walter Scott always said he required seven hours' sleep to refresh his huge brain. Sir Edward Coke used to say

in the words of a quotation from Alcaeus, of which he was fond,

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,  
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

But Sir William Jones took a less ascetic view of life when he wrote his paraphrase,

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;  
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

The robust and ungallant old proverb has it, "Five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a fool;" but life was slower and less exhaustive than it is now when that proverb was written.

Keats wrote well when he said :

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,  
Till all is hushed and smooth.

But, after all the poets' fine sayings, there is a single sentence of Cervantes that, in my estimation, beats them all. He puts it in the mouth of that jovial materialist, Sancho :

"Now blessings on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

How unhappy must Cervantes have been before he could have been so thankful for sleep. In lonely marches, in captivity among the Moors, in sorrow and disappointment, he had learnt how worthy sleep was of this simple-hearted benediction. Southey speaks less kindly of it in the *Curse of Kehama*, when he says,

Thou hast been called, O sleep, the friend of woe,  
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, anticipated this depreciating strain, and snubs sleep as a mere paltry time-server in these five smooth lines :

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,  
He, like the world, his ready visits pays  
Where Fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And visits lids unsullied by a tear.

Were I a sculptor I would in poetical gratitude try to shape a statue of Sleep. I would make him a beautiful youth with the limbs of Adonis, and the face of an Antinous. He should be lying on a couch in profound and delicious ease, resting his fair form on a lion's skin; one arm should be under his head, the other dropping languidly over the side of the couch. In his relaxing fingers I would place a bunch of poppies. Peace ineffable should rest

upon his brow, and a gentle smile upon his lips should tell of innocent thoughts of peaceful love. My whole effort would be to express a profundity of tranquil repose.

Some old writer of the Elizabethan church breaks forth in one of his sermons into quaint conjectures as to Adam's feelings when his first sleep oppressed him. It must have seemed like dissolution, a fading away into the chaos from whence at God's word he had emerged. Poor Hartley Coleridge has a fine sonnet on the subject of what awoke Adam from his first sleep, and we cannot resist quoting it here :

What was't awakened first the untired ear,  
Of that sole man who was all human kind?  
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,  
Stirring the leaves that never yet were ere?  
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,  
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?  
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind  
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,  
Of her new lord? or did the holy ground  
Send forth mysterious melody and greet  
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?  
Did viewless seraphs nestle all around,  
Making sweet music out of air as sweet,  
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

Is not this perfect in every way?

The poets have written their best in their comparisons of death and sleep.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, not night of waking,

writes Scott; but the old Jesuit poet, Crashaw, uses the word sleep with ineffably more tenderness and a deeper feeling in his beautiful elegy on two lovers :

Do not weep.  
Peace! the lovers are asleep,  
They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
In the last knot that love could tie.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
And the eternal morning dawn;  
Then the curtains will be drawn,  
And they wake with that light  
Where day shall never sleep in night.

#### THE SCORNFUL NOSE.

'Tis very true, oh maiden fair,  
You're pleasant to the sight,  
With flowing locks of golden hair  
And eyes of flashing light.  
Upon your cheeks health loves to train  
The lily and the rose,  
But something makes your beauty vain,  
It dwells upon your nose!

Not that the lovely nose could find  
Upon a lovelier face,  
'Mid all the flower of woman kind,  
A more befitting place.  
But there's a curl upon its tip,  
Half comic, half severe,  
In cool collusion with the lip  
That savours of a sneer.

So beauty bright, if you would wed,  
 When lovers come to woo,  
 Beware the tossing of the head,  
 The glance that looks askew.  
 Men ask for love, and not for wit  
 That scorches where it glows,  
 'Tis heart, not head, you ought to hit;  
 Uncurl your scornful nose!

### ARCHITECTURAL TALKERS AND DOERS.

Two phases of Talking and Doing have already been dealt with in these pages,\* but the subject is not by any means exhausted. There remains, especially, one aspect of it under which the respective peculiarities of the Talkers and the Doers appear almost more conspicuously than under any other. Architecture is the subject which, of all others, has been discussed the most fully and criticised the most severely by that dilettanti fraternity about whom we have already had something to say. The lamentations which these gentlemen make over the degradation of modern architecture are profoundly dismal. "Of all the arts," the Talkers say, "this one has fallen the lowest. In these days, even at its best, it arrives at nothing but a base and servile mimicry of what was done hundreds of years ago. Slavish reproductions of the glorious structures of Greece and Rome, on the one hand, or of the lavishly-decorated cathedrals and palaces of the Gothic time, on the other. When the average architect has to erect a building now-a-days, what does he do? He either sends one of his pupils to make a drawing, to scale, of some ancient edifice, which he copies with all the accuracy of which he is capable; or else he gets together a mass of studies of detached parts of one of those fine old structures, and makes up a whole by combining them together. Is this a right state of things? Is it right that we should have no style of our own? that there should be a Classical style, a Gothic style, a Renaissance style, but no Nineteenth-century style, nothing distinctive of our own day? Have modern architects no ideas of their own?"

With that they proceed to lash every one of our modern architectural attempts with all sorts of savage sarcasms. They liken this thing to a pepper-castor, and that to a dumb-waiter. They ask if anything so mean and paltry as Regent-street, or so contemptible as Trafalgar-square, was ever beheld by mortal eyes? When they come

in contact with a specimen of modern architecture which is really good, and the artistic claims of which they are unable altogether to ignore, they fall back—it being absolutely necessary to deny all merit to the modern builder—upon the want of originality of the edifice in question, and point out with malignant satisfaction how every part of it has been copied from some already existing building, which was erected in the good old times when "there were architects in the world."

The answer to all this is, that, in the first place, one of the inevitable consequences of the passage of time is that the discovery of absolutely new things shall become a more and more rare event. So much has been already discovered, that the office of those who would once have been discoverers and inventors is only now to discover and invent new developments, new adaptations, of what was found out long ago. In connexion with the fundamental laws relating to the construction of a building, for instance, what that should be entirely new would be possible? The edifice must have walls, and those walls must be pierced with apertures, some to admit air and light to the interior of the building, and others to afford the means of ingress and egress. Then as to the shape of these apertures; their tops must of necessity be either square or arched; if the latter, the arch must be either round or pointed, and more or less elevated or depressed; and in accordance with the degree in which it partakes of one or other of these characteristics will the arch be found to belong to one or other of the existing orders of architecture. The architect must have a roof, and, when the enclosed space is at all large, he must have columns to support the roof. Nor are these the only inevitable conditions of his undertaking. These are the structural necessities, but there are decorative necessities as well. The surface of his wall must have projections and recesses, a blank wall and an unbroken square building being things intolerable to the eye. His roof-line must be broken, and this must be done with towers, or steeples, or cupolas, of different dimensions, and these, according to the shape and proportion which he gives them, will, like the windows and the doors, inevitably assume forms which will assign them a certain definite place among already existing orders of architecture.

It is easy, under these circumstances, for the Talker to apostrophise the Doer

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., pp. 271 and 537.



with the continual cry, "Give us something new. Invent a style of your own, and supply us some fresh forms with which to comfort our jaded eyesight." It is easy for him to abuse our streets and public buildings, to laugh at Regent-street, and turn Trafalgar-square into ridicule, to pile mountains of abuse on the architectural monstrosities of our great towns, and entirely to ignore all the more hopeful indications which are to be met with here in London, and in many other quarters.

That such hopeful indications are by no means wanting, it will not be difficult for the Doer of our day to prove. How many are the improvements in the general aspect of our streets and public places! How many the really fine modern buildings in London and elsewhere to which he may point! To begin with, there are the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Whatever may be the defects of these—and they are no more unassailable by criticism than other works of art of other times—it must surely be admitted that in the raising up by the banks of the Thames of a mass of building of such dimensions, which is yet harmonious in its general outline, and which fulfils the purpose for which it is intended, a very great thing, indeed, has been achieved. Seen from a distance sufficiently great to make it possible for the spectator to consider it as a whole, the effect of the Westminster Palace is very noble and imposing. From the opposite side of the river, from the bridges, from the high ground in Piccadilly (looking across the Green Park from its north-westerly extremity), the towers of this fine building look always, and under all circumstances, grand and impressive. That the structure has its defects it would be, of course, impossible to deny. The river front is too monotonous and unbroken, with its flat surface, and its rows of windows, and it wants those great broad shadows which might have been got by breaking it up into masses, some standing forward into the light, and others falling back into shade. Yet this is not much. It is but a small matter in which to fail, when success has been attained in so many great matters.

Oh! my dear talking friends, do, I entreat you, consider for a moment what difficulties the Doer who raised this great building had to encounter, and the obstacles which he had to surmount. Consider the number of fine things which, if you or I had had this work to do—as it is just as well, perhaps, that we had not—we should have

talked of introducing into the composition, and should then have been obliged to abandon on practical considerations. Let us think of these things, and let us speak with more respect of these Westminster buildings, and of their architect.

Not far off from this fine specimen of what a modern Doer has been able to achieve, there is another building, the new government office in St. James's Park, which, though not on quite so imposing a scale as the Houses of Parliament, nor beset in its execution with so many difficulties, is yet an achievement involving the expenditure of considerable intellectual labour, and the exercise of all sorts of rare and valuable gifts. This new government building is in every way a most admirable piece of work. The effect of the whole mass as seen across St. James's Park is very fine. The shapes of the different parts, as well as the aggregate outline of the whole, is perfectly agreeable, and the light and shade obtained by that throwing forward of some parts of the structure and keeping back of others, which was spoken of just now as wanting in the Parliament Houses, is very noble and imposing. Some of the details, too, of this building are particularly good. The polished granite columns introduced here and there have a very agreeable effect, and a singularly good result has been obtained by a kind of upward tapering of the square structures on each side of the central mass, each of the stories, as they rise in stages one above another, receding ever so little within the limits of that immediately below it; all being so subtly contrived that, although the eye is pleased with the tapering effect imparted to each of these almost tower-like pieces of masonry, it is not without close scrutiny of the edges of the building that one can see how the result has been obtained. Another rare and admirable quality about this edifice is, that it is in all respects perfectly rational and unaffected; no consideration of convenience having been sacrificed to what may be called architectural crotchets. The dignity which is secured by this adherence to what is useful and reasonable is very remarkable, and strikes the spectator at the first glance. Altogether this is an entirely successful production, and the Doer whose work it is may safely defy all the Talkers in London to pick a hole in such a combination of taste and common sense.

Another recent and particularly good specimen of architectural "Doing," is the

new London University in Burlington-gardens. If any argument were wanting to show how little ground there is for the grumbings of those dissatisfied Talkers, about whom we have had so much to say, it might be furnished by a comparison of the new London University in Burlington-gardens with the old building of University College in Gower-street. What a ghastly edifice is that last-named seat of learning! With the remembrance of its long monotonous front, with the inevitable portico and cupola of the period, still fresh in one's mind, it is quite a wonderful sensation to stand before the bright and highly ornate structure in which the University has taken up its abode. The new building is good in every respect, and the only thing to be regretted in connexion with it is, that it is not placed on a different site, where there could have been an open space before the façade.

Yet another exceedingly hopeful indication as to the architecture of the present and the future is surely furnished by the completed portions of the South Kensington Museum. The central division of this structure is finished, and the western wing in a sufficiently advanced state to enable the passer-by to judge with considerable certainty of what it will be when completed. The design of both these sections of the building is picturesque and new in its general appearance, and coloured bricks and terra-cotta ornaments have been employed with particularly good effect. There are certain expedients in architecture which may always be resorted to with perfect security, and open galleries and arcades are among them. These have been introduced freely in this design, and are entirely pleasant to the eye. The only objection that can be raised against the employment of red bricks and terra-cotta for London buildings is, that their rough dry surfaces catch, and (alas!) retain, the London smoke to a very distressing extent, as we can see by a mere glance at any red brick building which has stood for some time in London or its vicinity.

Hitherto, in this defence of the architectural Doer against the architectural Talker, we have occupied ourselves exclusively with such specimens of modern building as we have found standing before us in a state of completeness. But there is an architecture on paper, as well as an architecture in brick and stone; and at this particular time of year, especially, it is possible to get a fair notion of what our

designers of buildings are about without the necessity of personally inspecting all the public and private edifices which are in course of erection. In the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy, and in the Gallery of the Architectural Exhibition, in Conduit-street, all persons wishing to form a true opinion as to how we stand just now in relation to this particular form of art, may gratify their desire for information without being obliged to make a succession of expeditions to all parts of the country, in search of newly-erected buildings.

In both these collections there are plenty of indications of the existence of a strong wish to improve the general aspect of our towns. In the architectural exhibition, especially, such indications are particularly abundant. Drawings of warehouses and city offices simply, but picturesquely constructed, and decorated really well, meet the eye continually. The old monotonous screens, pierced at regular intervals with certain square apertures, are giving place in all directions to light, tastefully-decorated structures, which the eye rests upon with pleasure. There is, to take an example, among the works exhibited at the architectural collection in Conduit-street, a photograph of a house in Throgmorton-street, which furnishes an instance of this improvement in what may be called our commercial architecture. The house has simply a light arcade on the ground-floor with pointed arches, and over that rows of windows, one above the other, with arches of various shapes and proportions, round, pointed, and trefoiled. Nor is this, by any means, a solitary example. Among the specimens of architecture on paper are some designs for a certain warehouse in a city thoroughfare, which goes by the euphonious name of Budge-row, which are especially remarkable. Remembering what a warehouse used to be, with its yawning door-ways on the different floors, its huge, cumbrous timbers, and its groaning cranes, it is wonderful to look upon this symmetrical and airy edifice, with its fine proportions, its rows of elegant windows, its pilasters and capitals, and just when the conviction is forcing itself on one's mind that the building in question must be some luxurious place of abode to be erected as the residence of a millionaire, or a nobleman, to find that it is nothing more nor less than a warehouse front in Budge-row, E.C.

But it is not only in the E.C. district that these improvements in our street ar-

chitecture are to be met with. In this "architectural exhibition" there is a design for some new premises to be erected at the corner of Oxford-street and old Cavendish-street, which will be very ornamental; another of some new houses in Grafton-street, in which the mixture of white and coloured bricks is tried with satisfactory results; and another of the new restaurant attached to the Gaiety Theatre. That building has no doubt struck many a wayfarer along the Strand, by its bright and picturesque look. Let the wayfarer in question (provided he be a dispassionate and unprejudiced wayfarer) compare this building with any tavern of the old school, and say whether we are not improving very fast indeed in the matter of street architecture.

And in domestic country-house architecture, is not the same improvement visible? Were it not for an unhappy bias towards the ecclesiastical which appears here and there, the prospect in this direction also would be entirely hopeful. This mediæval tendency in domestic architecture, as in most other things, is altogether objectionable. The shapeliness and convenience of your rooms within the building are sacrificed for the sake of the fantastic gables and turrets which "the style" demands shall appear without, while the beauty of the view outside, and the lightness of the rooms within, are left unconsidered, in order that "the style" again may be developed in the smallness of the windows and the massiveness of the orthodox mullions. The extent to which this mediævalism is carried is, in some cases indeed, irritating in the extreme, as when you sometimes find a modern castle erected in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, in which the windows, that they may be in keeping with the round towers, which are the principal features of the front, are reduced to the merest slits.

Allowing for this reprehensible tendency in our builders of country-houses to indulge in turrets and mullions, the architectural prospect in that direction is not unpromising. Among the specimens of architecture on paper which we have been glancing at there are some in this particular department which seem to be very satisfactory. The "Bird's-eye View of Leyes Wood, Sussex," by R. N. Shaw, in the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy, with its picturesque court, entered through the gateway beneath the tower, is very charming; so also is the drawing of a "Mansion now in course of erection from designs and under the superinten-

dence of R. W. Edis," which is to be found in the Architectural Exhibition in Conduit-street. Nor should a certain design for a Spanish villa, exhibited in the same collection by M. Boeswillwold, be passed by without notice. The house in question, with its two square side towers, its lower central tower, ornamented with an open gallery, its Moorish arches, and its broad-eaved roof, is perfectly good, and in admirable keeping with the locality. This same M. Boeswillwold has other works in the exhibition, which, as well as the photographs from the cathedral and chateau restorations of Eugène Millet, show that the foreign art schools are as well supplied with architects as they are with painters.

And now, surely, a pretty good case has been made out for the architectural Doer, and his defence against the architectural Talker would seem to be very well established. We have seen that this Doer is working busily both in bricks and mortar, and on paper. We have seen, from what he has recently produced in both ways, that almost every fresh work which he undertakes is an improvement on the last, and we feel secure that, in engaging in any new enterprise which may call the abilities of our architects into play, we shall be safe against the occurrence of any of those gross failures in which so many of the undertakings of their immediate predecessors have resulted. We shall have no more Buckingham Palaces or National Galleries in conspicuous sites, no more Gower-street Colleges or Great Marylebone Churches. Henceforth there seems good reason to hope that when an opportunity offers of raising an ornamental structure we shall not fail to use it.

#### A LITERARY GLUTTON.

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Thus spoke Solomon the Wise more than twenty-eight centuries ago, when books were comparatively rare, and learning confined to a narrow class. What would he have said had he lived in Florence during the seventeenth century, when literature was plentiful, and when Magliabechi, that eccentric bookworm, flourished, of whom we read lately (though where we cannot call to mind), "Magliabechi, that most rational of bibliomanes, for he read everything he bought?" When we are informed that this man's library consisted of

upwards of one hundred and forty thousand printed books and pamphlets, and ten thousand manuscripts, we are, indeed, awestruck; and the more so as we are also told that this marvel not only read, but, what is more wonderful still, remembered. His power of mental retention must have been truly astounding. Innumerable anecdotes are told about his memory, not a few of which sound almost incredible.

Thus, it is related of him that he could not only quote at pleasure entire passages, but could tell from what page of a specified edition, what chapter, and even from what paragraph it was excerpted, the date and place of publication, publisher, printer, size, and number of editions. It was not without great truth that Pater Angelo Finardi anagrammatised his name, Antonius Magliabechi, into "Is unus bibliotheca magna."

Immense as his store of information must necessarily have been, he never wrote a line himself, yet, notwithstanding, the republic of letters owes much to him. It was through his mediation that some valuable books were republished and amended, and the origin of several contemporary works are due to his valuable aid. Isaac D'Israeli says that Magliabechi ought to have composed the *Curiosities of Literature*.

Nor did he selfishly keep his vast knowledge to himself. He was always ready to aid others in the acquirement of learning, and his willingness and amiability in such matters knew no bounds. From far and near his assistance was called in requisition; he was looked upon as a perfect oracle, a walking encyclopædia, and he was never known to refuse aid to an applicant at his storehouse of erudition. The treasures of his library, and later that of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, which was entrusted to him, were at the disposal of every searcher after knowledge. The only condition he imposed upon inquirers was, that they should not disturb him during the hours of the day when he was busy at work. In the evening, his doors, which he kept jealously locked all day, were thrown open to his friends, and he was ready to meet querists. But in order that he might not be uselessly kept from his books, he had had a hole made in his door, through which he could observe all approaching visitors, and if he did not choose to see them, he would refuse admittance.

His life was an uneventful one. Self-taught, he raised himself from the ranks entirely by his own exertions. His father's

name was Magliabechi, or del Magliabecco, so called from a little place in the Mugelli, a Florentine territory. He died early, leaving his son to the care of his mother, who caused him to be initiated in the Latin language; but then, changing her determination as to his future, brought him to the workshop of Comparini, one of the best Florentine goldsmiths, where she bound him as an apprentice, after he had received elementary drawing lessons from the painter Rosselli. Hating his enforced profession, he devoted all his spare moments to literary pursuits, and his spare money to the purchase of books, which he read on the sly, greatly to the displeasure of his mother, who looked on this as waste of time. A priest, named Andrea Tosi, used often to come into the goldsmith's shop, and talk to the lad of sixteen about books. Being struck by his quick replies and evident power of comprehending and absorbing what he read, observing also that Magliabechi cared more for books than for his own profession, he encouraged him to study, and assured him that he would learn Latin and all the sciences speedily.

Edwards (*Memoirs of Libraries*) gives a different account of Magliabechi's origin, alleging him to have been servant to a dealer in vegetables, a theory also taken up by Joseph Spence, who asserted that he had received his information from a Florentine who had known Magliabechi's family intimately. But since Fabroni and the Chevalier François Marmi, both intimate friends and biographers of Magliabechi, give the other account, it seems probable that their version should be more correct than a mere hearsay one.

On the death of his mother, when he was forty years old, Magliabechi threw up his occupation of jeweller, and devoted himself entirely to the work of his inclination. Michael Ermini, at that time librarian to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, assisted him greatly; ultimately he became his successor in that eminent post. Cosmo the Third was then Prince of Tuscany. He had ordered Marmi, one of his favourites, to bring him all his books within a convenient part of his palace, so as to be near his sitting-rooms, and it was then that Magliabechi was first enabled to display his vast knowledge of literature, and in course of time obtained the post of librarian. This rise in the social scale did not alter his prescribed course of life; he was plain and simple even to squalor, as he had



always been. He always wore a garment till it dropped from him, nor would he on any account undress for his night's rest, considering this a sheer waste of time, life being so short and books so plentiful. For this reason, also, he fought against sleep until it conquered him, and even when it did so, he would not lay himself on his bed, but, spreading an old rug over any books that were on the floor, would stretch himself upon them. Only if it were very cold he would throw himself, completely dressed, into his unmade bed, which was filled full of books, taking a basin of coals with him. Several times by these means he caused a fire to break out, which was, however, fortunately quenched by the other inmates of the house. In his study, instead of a stove, he habitually employed this little basin of coals, which he would sometimes attach to his elbows, and was so absent that his clothes, and even his face and hands, were often scorched without his becoming aware of it. His manner of living was extremely simple, and so irregular that it is astonishing that he should have lived to an advanced age. He subsisted almost entirely on eggs, bread, and water; he liked good wine, but partook of little, and never of any iced drinks. One of his peculiarities was, that he always kept his head closely covered, and, in truth, his whole personal appearance was such that the grand-duke was almost forced to dispense with his appearance at court, a state of things which entirely accorded with Magliabechi's feelings, who would have considered attendance there great waste of time. Indeed, Cosmo had such consideration for his librarian's eccentricities, that he always wrote his orders to him instead of having them conveyed by word of mouth, so that the learned man might be less disturbed.

Magliabechi, with all his faults and irregularities, was the kindest and truest of friends, and the most accurate of correspondents. The latter is no mean matter to say, when we remember that he corresponded with nearly all the German, French, and Dutch literati. His first morning hours were entirely devoted to answering letters and visiting any strangers who might be staying in Florence, then he would repair to the grand-ducal library, returning within his own four walls as soon as the prescribed hours were over.

Thus he spent his life among his books, only quitting Florence twice during his

life, and then not from choice. Notwithstanding the eccentric arrangement of his library, where books were piled in seeming confusion about the floor and sides of his apartment, of which the Dutch Professor Heymeun has left so graphic an account, Magliabechi was never at a loss to find any work he required. He could lay his hands on any volume at any moment, apparently inextricable and unfathomable as was the disorder in which they were heaped. He also knew the place of every book in the library entrusted to him, and was most anxious to know the contents of all other libraries as well. In fact, he succeeded so far that he knew some of them much better than their owners. It is told of him that, Cosmo having asked for a book that was extremely rare, he replied:

"Signor, there is but one copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Seigneur's library at Constantinople, and is the eleventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

As might be expected, Magliabechi never married, his mind, life, heart and soul were too entirely bound up in his books, and in them only. The sole creatures that shared his affectionate interest with his literary treasures were spiders, an affection which it is curious to observe as having been manifested by many great men.

Was there, perhaps, something in the indomitable industry with which they spin their web, recommencing again and again, if a thread be disturbed or broken, that seemed to Magliabechi to apply to his own life and career? Who can tell! Suffice it to say that Magliabechi would never permit the webs of his small industrious friends to be destroyed, and always enjoined on all his visitors to take care of the spiders. What with these and his books, which were strewed all over the place, a visit to the learned librarian must have been a matter calling for the exercise of no ordinary dexterity.

He thought of nothing but learning, and his desire to read everything was so great that he forgot the bare necessities of life. About his accounts he was extremely negligent, and often for more than a year would not demand his salary, nor the revenues that Cardinal de' Medicis had settled upon him. The Pope, and even the Emperor Leopold, repeatedly invited him away, offering him all manner of inducements to leave his post and enter their services. But he was not ambitious, and

was content to remain where and as he was. The grand-duke was so anxious to preserve Magliabechi's life by all possible luxuries, that, as the librarian advanced in age, he caused rooms to be fitted up in the palace for his use. But Magliabechi could not endure these unwonted comforts, and after four months' residence returned to his own little house, where he would keep no servant. However, his friends insisted, when, in 1708, Magliabechi had lain ill and alone, on his keeping an attendant; but he in so far persisted in his old habits, that he dismissed the servant every evening at candlelight, the time above all other when he most needed supervision. All these various peculiarities of his must have been tolerably remarkable, since they induced the German tourist, Keyser, who resided at Florence in 1730, and who knew them only by the hearsay of survivors, to assert that if a list were published of learned and ingenious slovens, Magliabechi would undoubtedly be entitled to the first place. His modesty and indifference to the public opinion of him were astonishing. When he received a letter containing flattering encomiums, he would hide these from his friends, imparting only the matters of general interest. When the Queen of Prussia demanded his portrait, which she wished to hang together with those of other learned men, he refused to comply with her request. On her insisting, and applying to the grand-duke, he still remained firm in his refusal, and at last it was only by stratagem that Dandini was enabled to execute a likeness, and thus to obey the royal command. When informed that he had been outwitted, he did not even ask to see the picture. Neither could he be persuaded to look at a silver medal which the grand-duke had caused to be struck for the queen, and which the artist, Hieronymus Ticcatti, had also been forced to execute secretly. From this medal a small one was taken, which has preserved to posterity several likenesses of this remarkable being. The obverse gives his bust, the reverse shows him seated in a little garden adjoining his house, where on summer evenings he loved to meet his friends, a book in his hand, while from a distance Diogenes is seen approaching. The inscription refers to his splendid memory, being the words of the Roman orator: "Scire nostrum reminisci."

The lot of Magliabechi was certainly cast in pleasant places, as we shall see when we glance at the time when this erudite

"Glutton of Literature" (as he was often named) flourished.

Cosmo the Third was then reigning over the duchy of Tuscany. A descendant of the grand and noble family De' Medici, he inherited, together with their name, their love for all the elegant arts, sciences, and refinements of life. Living at a time when Europe and, above all, Italy had revived from the influence of long centuries of barbarism, the Medici did all in their power to conduce to the growth of intellectual pursuits by example, encouragement, and patronage. Cosmo, though by no means a worthy representative of their name, conformed to the traditions of his ancestors, and certainly approved himself an efficient patron, although he was utterly inefficient as a ruler. At his court flourished Magalotti the physician, Bellini the anatomist, Viviani the mathematician, Filicaja the Italian Pindar, Micheli the Linnæus of his time, Cardinal Noris the antiquarian, and Redi the naturalist. Among this brilliant assemblage Magliabechi "qui savait tout" was not the least brilliant ornament.

One would not have supposed that any one leading so quiet, retired, and inoffensive a life as this man, could have had an implacable enemy. But so it was, and the person, whoever he might have been, several times circulated some calumnies about Magliabechi's manner of life which might have done him great harm with the court, had not his friends used all their power to refute them. He did not bestir himself in the matter, excepting that once; when these reports exceeded all bounds, he declared he was willing to quit Florence and seek a home elsewhere. But his friends persuaded him to remain, and the matter was forgotten.

Early in January, 1714, when just going out of his house, he was seized with violent trembling and weakness, and from that moment never became himself again. He languished for three months, and died in the following April, in the eighty-first year of his age. His vast library he bequeathed to the grand-duke, together with his fortune. The latter was to be employed for the maintenance of the library and the purchase of additions. The library was placed in the Palazzo degli Uffizi, and was augmented by the Chevalier François Manni, opened to the public, and further enriched by the Emperor Francis the First and by the Grand-Duke Leopold, who united to it the Medicea Lotaringa library of his palace. It was supplied with new

books and manuscripts by the Grand-Duke Ferdinand the Third, who, however, relaxed in vigour the law enjoining every printer to deposit in it a copy of all works that issued from his press. The library is open daily to the public from nine till three, except on festivals, and perhaps few who have been to Florence are ignorant of the existence of the Magliabechiana. It contains rich literary treasures. Among the most valuable are counted the Mentz Bible of 1462, on vellum; the first edition of Homer, printed at Florence, 1488, also on vellum with miniatures, and presented to Pietro de' Medicis; a copy on vellum of Dante, 1481, embellished with miniatures within and niello without, presented by Landino to the Senate of Florence; a magnificent copy of the Anthologia of Lascarius, 1494, also a present to Pietro de' Medicis; with other vellum copies of singular beauty of the Florentine History of Leonardo Aretino (Acciaiuoli's translation, Ven., 1476), and of the Argonautica of Appolonius, Flor., 1496.

This rich collection keeps green the memory of one of the most singular of men, and forms his proudest and most immortal monument; and though his name may not be generally familiar, yet none who visit Florence and view the rich bequest he has left to the peoples of all time, can fail to feel curiosity as to his history.

## IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning was destined to be an eventful one at Beckworth. First of all Mrs. Rouse entered her mistress's room at an unusually early hour, and dragging back the curtains with a violent jerk, as though resolved that, at length, full daylight should be thrown upon the iniquities she was about to unveil, she began, in a loud rousing voice:

"Well! I should say as it was time you was awake, ma'am, and had your eyes open to the pretty doin's as are goin' on in *this* house! What did I tell you, ma'am? Didn't I warn you, as you can't say I didn't, that she was a artful designing minx, and we should have trouble with her before she'd been in the house a month?"

"Mon Dieu, Rouse, what is the matter? What is it? Do not keep me in suspense in this way."

"The matter is, ma'am, I'm sorry to

have to say it, that she's been and got round Mr. Lowndes, till he's just mad after her—and that's all about it. He insulted me shameful yesterday when I come into the room and found 'em together. Not that I'd ha' spoke to you about *that*, ma'am; no, not if it wasn't for what I was witness to with my own eyes, last night. I couldn't have believed that he could ha' demeaned hisself to do such a thing—I couldn't, indeed—your own maid, and all!"

"Why, what on earth did he do? Mon Dieu! woman, can't you speak?" cried Mrs. Cartaret, sitting now bolt upright in her bed, and beating the coverlet in her impatience.

"Do, ma'am?" responded the house-keeper, who seemed to find a cruel satisfaction in prolonging her mistress's suspense. "It was doin's such as I never see in *this* house. You might ha' knocked me down with a feather, and I haven't slep' a wink all night, to think how you've been deceived—you as had such a *high* opinion of the young woman, ma'am, which you was nourishing a viper in your bosom, as I well foresaw." Then seeing that Mrs. Cartaret's impatience was passing all bounds, and that in another minute she would be out of bed, and shaking Mrs. Rouse by the collar (as the choleric old lady had once been known to treat an obstinate house-maid), she continued:

"I can hardly bring myself to say it, ma'am; but they was a kissing and a hugging of each other in the passage, and she *pretending* to struggle—the artful hussy!—till she saw me, and then she took to her heels fast enough, I'll warrant you! After that, ma'am, I suppose you'll agree with me that the sooner the jade's packed off, out o' the house, the better."

"Juste Ciel!" cried Mrs. Cartaret, clasping her hands, "but it is impossible. My good Rouse, you must be mistaken. What! that quiet girl? Your eyes must have deceived you. My son, alas! yes, he perhaps—foolish boy—"

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Cartaret. I don't wish to say nothin' disrespectful against Mr. Lowndes, which it's my belief it's much more the gal's fault than his, but if you don't send her off, then and there, I won't answer for the consequences; that's all. If Mr. Lowndes is 'foolish' as you say, ma'am, so much the worse—he'll get took in the easier; and there's Mr. Dapper. I don't know what it is the men see in the gal, but she'd ha' made a fool of him, too—only

she fled at higher game. She's a regular crocodile—that's what's she is, ma'am; the house hasn't been like itself since she came; a-giving herself such airs, indeed! To think that Mr. Lowndes should ha' spoke to me so, which have had him on my knee when he was eight year old—and all along of a good-for-nothing creature like that!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Cartaret, dropping back into her pillows, and twisting round so that she turned her back upon Rouse, and drew the clothes half over her head, as though to shut out, if possible, a disagreeable subject. "Oh, dear! It is very hard that I am never to have a maid for three months, but something or other happens. It is too bad of Lowndes, and the girl suited me so well. It is shameful! If he would but range himself, now, and marry! But he shall. I will have it. Oh, dear! I am so tired. I cannot talk any more. There—go away, my good Rouse, now, and leave me quiet for a little, and say nothing of this. I will speak to Mr. Lowndes by-and-bye, and don't let the girl come to me till—till I have seen him. There!"

Then she rolled herself up yet more tightly, and Rouse knew that her mistress had taken refuge in an old expedient against further discussion. She left the room. Two minutes afterwards Jane delivered a message to Maud to say that Mrs. Cartaret would ring when she wanted her maid, and that the latter was not to go to her mistress until then.

In the mean time, Lowndes, guessing accurately what would occur, resolved to take the bull by the horns. As soon as he was dressed, he entered his mother's bedroom. She pretended to be asleep: she felt a moral coward in approaching this subject with her son, and had not half made up her mind yet what she would say to him. But Lowndes was as ruthless as Mrs. Rouse in his way.

"Come, mother, it's ten o'clock, and time you were awake. I want to talk to you."

"Eh? What's the matter? How you disturb me!"

"Have you seen Rouse this morning?"

"Eh? seen Rouse? Well—yes, I have seen her."

"Did she say anything to you about me?"

With a sudden jerk Mrs. Cartaret now unswathed herself, and sat erect in bed. It was no longer possible to tempo-

rise: the moment for vigorous action was come.

"Yes, she did, Lowndes, and I was shocked—shocked and grieved at what she told me. Such conduct is to have no respect for me and my house. And what is the consequence? I must now send away a girl who suited me in all respects, who was a perfect treasure to me; but she must go, for how can I keep about me any one whom you regard—whom you treat in this sort of way?"

"Now, that is just the point, mother, just what I want to talk to you about. I knew very well that old cat would move heaven and earth to turn the girl out of the house: and I want you to understand that she is entirely blameless. What Rouse saw was my fault: the girl had given me no encouragement to behave as I did: I was an idiot. After all, there was no such great harm: I met her running down the passage, in the dark, and I kissed her. I was a confounded fool for my pains I admit. I ought to have reflected that the girl, so proud and modest as she is, would resent this, and complain to you, as I feel sure she will, and, in all probability, tell you herself that she must go. But you must insist upon her staying."

"Impossible! How can I, Lowndes? I shall seem to wink at you! . . . to encourage immorality! Dapper, Rouse, what will they think? . . . Hein?"

"Who cares what they think? Can't you decide, for once in your life, whether you will keep a servant or not, without asking their permission?"

"Permission?" said his mother, bridling.

"No, it is not a question of *permission*, but one must consider the *qu'en dira-t-on*. They say, they imagine, Lowndes, that there is more than this folly of yours last night. They say you have been found sitting and talking with her. Enfin! . . . I am very sorry, it is a real trouble to me: I shall never find such a maid again—never! But I see it must not be. No. I ought not to submit a young girl to temptation, and she must go."

"I'll be hanged if she shall then. I'll tell you what, mother: if you send her away, I'll leave Beckworth to-morrow, and won't return here this year."

"Oh!" cried the old lady, firing up. "Vous le prenez sur ce ton là, monsieur mon fils? Very well, then, go! Do not let me keep you. If the girl is your *maitresse*, take her out of the house with you, but—"



"Stop, mother. The girl is as pure as any in the county: I'll swear it. You mustn't think because I spoke as I did just now that there has been anything between us . . . I was a fool for saying what I did, but the injustice of the thing struck me. It is such a confounded shame that she should be made to suffer for my fault . . . You see I am what you would call *découverté* here . . . I have nothing to do—"

"Whose fault is that, *mon enfant*? What am I always telling you? If you would but marry and range yourself, and take the management of the estate into your own hands."

"Well, we won't enter upon that old discussion again now . . . I was going to say that, having nothing on earth to do here, and finding this Mary Hind a pleasant, well-spoken girl, I have chatted with her once or twice. That is the whole history out of which these miserable servants have concocted their scandalous lies. Now, it is too bad that the girl should lose her place, and you—a maid who suits you, to gratify their spite. You'll never get another to read *Le Grand Cyrus* to you," added the young man artfully.

Mrs. Cartaret was in sad perplexity: between her son and Rouse, she was on the horns of a dilemma; and then there was her own inclination and her sense of what was prudent under the circumstances gently pulling her in different directions. She cleared her throat loudly, and shook her head, and frowned, and muttered several times that it was "impossible;" and then with a half-fierce, half-piteous expression of face looked up at her son and said:

"Will you promise never to speak to her, if she remains—eh?"

"I will promise never to repeat my conduct of last night."

"No, no, that is not enough, you must not give the servants cause to talk by speaking with her, do you understand?"

"How is it possible to promise that? It is nonsense, mother. But look here. You see the girl, and talk to her. Mind you say you're perfectly sure she is not to blame, and apologise to her for my conduct. But do what you will, I'm afraid you will find she is so mortally offended with me that it will be uncommonly hard to get her to stay, and you'll then understand how absurdly groundless your fears are."

After some further hesitation, Mrs. Cartaret consented to do this. Lowndes left the room; but he was too deeply interested

in the result of the interview between his mother and her maid to go further than the adjoining boudoir: and he left the door a-jar. Mrs. Cartaret rang the bell.

Maud obeyed the summons, looking pale and stern. Before her mistress could speak, the girl began proudly:

"I will save you the trouble of giving me warning, ma'am. Mrs. Rouse has, of course, told you what occurred last night. Perhaps she has put her own construction on it—no matter. I am ready to go when you like—to-day, if you please—indeed, the sooner, the better."

"Stay, Mary Hind, do not be in too great hurry—yes—I know what occurred—I know that my son strangely forgot himself—and he is much ashamed of himself, my dear. That is true; you may believe it. I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed, Mary, and I—" (here the old lady hesitated a moment, and insensibly lowered her voice, as though half-ashamed of her weakness)—"and I hope you will not go on this account, eh? It shall not occur again; he promises it, *foi de gentil-homme*. I know it was not the least your fault, my dear. He is a wild boy, you see—*jeunesse*—but he has not a bad heart, no, and you must forgive him this once, eh? *voyons*. Think no more about it, and I will take care that he does not trouble you again. *Du reste*, he will be going in a few days."

A world of conflicting feelings were in Maud's breast. Ought the old lady's words, or anything else, to induce her to remain here after the insult to which she had been subjected? Her pride said "no;" but there was another voice, which pleaded loudly with her to yield. And as she stood there, silent, for some minutes, her back turned to the bed, her face towards the window, Mrs. Cartaret, understanding something (not all) of what was passing in the girl's mind, exclaimed:

"Tenez! He shall tell Rouse himself—there! That shall make it all straight, hein? She is—well a little—just a little jalouse, you see (what did I tell you? why have you not made her your friend?) but she shall believe the truth; yes, and she shall not repeat the story: there shall be no scandale: I will not have it. I like you, Mary Hind. I cannot spare you—do you hear? You must not go, because this *mauvais garçon* of mine has behaved a little badly, hein? Come, say you will stay, and forget it all."

"Such things are not easily forgotten," said Maud, shaking her head. "Your son must think very lightly of me, to have treated me as he did; and if I stay here, will he not think still worse of me, for not seeming to resent his conduct? I am sorry to leave you, Mrs. Cartaret. I am homeless, and you have been very kind to me. But no girl who respects herself ought willingly to remain in a house where the master——"

"He is *not* the master here. Mon Dieu! Mary Hind, do you not see that he directs nothing, looks to nothing here? I wish he would. I would give it all up to him, if he would marry and live here. But no, he will not—and he is *not* master. He spends here—what? a few weeks, tout au plus, in the course of the year. When he goes, next week, I shall see him no more till who knows when! Come, now, you will not leave me on his account? *Soyez gentille, ma petite*," she added with a sort of little supplicating whine, to which she resorted in great emergencies, "and say that you will not leave me. Tenez! I shall give you five pounds a year more, there! That shall decide you, come!"

Maud could not help smiling, in spite of her serious ground for annoyance, as she told Mrs. Cartaret that an increase of wages could in no way affect her decision. She consented, however, to stay—at all events for the present; she would not inconvenience Mrs. Cartaret by a precipitate departure, she said: only it should be understood that this was not a definite, but a temporary arrangement, subject to circumstances, which meant, of course, subject to Mr. Lowndes's good behaviour.

That young gentleman, listening in the next room to all that passed, was in high spirits at the result of this interview. He felt as all men do who have just escaped paying the full penalty of their own folly, a sense of inexpressible, almost unhopedor relief. For the fact was, that only now, when he was so near losing her for ever, did he awake to a full consciousness of his real feeling for the girl. It was not to be accounted for, or argued about; but he who had never so much as singed his wings at any of the gilded tapers round which he had fluttered, had flown into the heart of the flame of this domestic rushlight, and found himself lying there at its feet, burnt, suffering, incapable of flying away! It would have been humiliating, only that he had passed—or skipped over, as it were—that phase of feeling, and had reached the

one where we try to justify to ourselves some extravagant act towards which passion impels us, and in judging which we should be so inexorable, if the delinquent were our dearest friend. He could no longer conceal from himself that he was madly in love: the idea of Maud's leaving the house, and leaving it in just wrath with him, had given him some hours of the only poignant suffering he had ever known. In his wild, insane folly he had treated with disrespect a girl whom he knew, whom he had known all the time, ought to be as secure from insult at his hands as the highest lady in the land. Had he alienated her for ever? The question, in some form or other, was for ever present to him. Yet, where did it lead? To one of two ends. It was in vain to shut his eyes; there was no escape from one of two ends! And one of these, the one which no doubt he had more or less had in view all along, seemed now more unattainable, more hopeless than ever.

How Mrs. Cartaret faced Rouse, and broke to that turbulent chief subject the fact that, in spite of everything, the new favourite was not to be discharged, this narrative need not recount; for more important events, and having an immediate bearing on the matter in hand, now followed quickly. Another interview, however, on that same day, must be detailed, in order fully to understand the position of the chief actors on this circumscribed stage towards each other.

Maud had a bad headache; she looked so ill in the afternoon that Mrs. Cartaret, who was not generally very observant of aspects, made her leave off reading, and insisted upon her going out into the park. "You shall remain out, at the least, two hours; do you hear? My beloved Madame Royale used to say there was nothing like fresh air for a migraine. There, go along with you, *petite*;" and, nothing loth, Maud obeyed the mandate. She, who was so accustomed to her long walks and rides, felt the confinement of her new life more than she chose to acknowledge to herself. Women of resolute will are often slow to acknowledge facts which interfere with what they have arranged is to be the course of events. Maud was of this number.

She chose the quietest path, one which led to a distant shrubbery, where no one ever walked. She had not been there ten minutes before she was joined by Lowndes Cartaret, who chose a circuitous route to the spot where he watched her directing her steps. It was no use trying to avoid

him, unless she had taken to her heels, which was not Maud's way of meeting a difficulty she could not have escaped. Besides, it must come: she had foreseen that; but her anger was still so hot, she felt so shaken, so unsettled in her mind as to what she should or should not say and do, that she would fain have deferred this meeting for a time, had it been possible.

He came up straight to her, and said:

"Mary, can you forgive me? I think I must have been drunk last night, or your sharp words in the morning had made me mad, I don't know which. I wasn't myself, or I shouldn't have acted like such a cursed fool as I did."

"It is of very little consequence now, Mr. Cartaret, whether you were drunk or not, after making me the common talk of the servants' hall. My remaining here will be difficult—perhaps impossible—owing to your unmanly conduct. Nothing that I could say, of course, would persuade Mrs. Rouse (even if I stooped to defend myself) that you had not very good ground for believing you might treat me as you did with impunity. . . . If I stay here, it must be to feel that I am despised by the women, and subject to a similar insult from every groom in your stable."

"By Jove! I should just like to catch one, that's all! Let me know the first one that dares to treat you with any disrespect, and—"

"Oh, sir! you have yourself shown them the way. Any one of them is as much justified in behaving so as you were. Is it to be expected that men in their . . . I mean, in my class of life, men who have not had the advantages of education, should treat a girl with more delicacy, more respect, than their master shows her?"

"What you say is perfectly true, Mary. It only makes me more ashamed of myself, for there is that about you which I am sure *would* have prevented any groom from insulting you. . . . The fact is, you are perfectly different from every other girl in your station I ever saw, and—"

"And so you think no other girl in my station would resent your conduct?" she interrupted vehemently. "Your standard of woman must be even lower than I thought it, if you really believe that. But you do not believe it. Of course, I know perfectly well that if I were a lady, if I were in your own rank of life, you would not have treated me so . . . it was only

because I was a servant you thought you might try the experiment."

"You are quite mistaken," said Lowndes, with, for an instant, a touch of the careless sarcasm which was so common to him, except latterly in his intercourse with Maud. "You are quite mistaken. I have treated more than one lady so, who has not taken it at all amiss. . . . But do not think I say this to exonerate myself, for I knew you were not one of this sort. . . . Mary, you must not leave my mother, and in the course of time you will get to think better of me, I hope."

"I have promised her that I will stay—for the present; and therefore, unless I am driven away—"

"How should you be driven away? Not by those servants I should hope; and certainly not by me."

"I don't know that, unless you bear in mind our respective positions better than you have done. The gossips of the house are probably now full of the fact that you have met me here, and charitably conclude that it is an appointment, no doubt. Henceforward it is absolutely necessary, after your conduct, Mr. Cartaret, that you should avoid me altogether. On these conditions only shall I be able to remain here."

"It is a hard penalty to pay for my folly, Mary."

"Pray, do you consider what I have to pay for it? To you the deprivation of the right to bestow your idle half-hours upon your mother's lady's-maid must be a severe trial, no doubt! To her, the cost of all this is simply loss of reputation, which is not worth speaking of! It really maddens me to think what we have to suffer from the selfishness of men."

"You're too hard upon me, Mary; but I suppose I must yield, since you insist on it. But if I go away from home for a time, will you promise me two things?"

She paused for a moment. "Name them."

"One is that you will not be induced, by any means that may be tried, to leave my mother while I am absent. Of course, that old Rouse won't rest satisfied with her defeat; but you stick to my mother like a leech, Mary; don't you leave her, let them do what they will."

"Very well," she replied, after an instant's reflection, "I think I can promise that."

"The other is—" he turned towards a tree, and began hacking at it with his

penknife. "How long have you been here, Mary?"

"Three weeks and four days,"

"Only that? and for the first four days I never said a word to you! And yet it seems as if I had known you three months, Mary. I have never met any girl towards whom I felt in the least as I feel towards you."

She started, and turned red, and tried to mask her real emotion by a sarcastic inflection of voice.

"So I should think, judging from the special tribute you paid my exceptional merits last night; a sort of refined compliment which the other girls you 'have met' are fortunate to have been spared."

"Don't be too hard on me, Mary. I want you to believe that I am in earnest in what I say, and this is not the passing whim of a moment. I have never seen any woman I could love as a wife but you. But to prove to you my sincerity, I only ask you to wait. I will go from home, yes, if you will remain here, and will promise to listen to me, and try and like me when I return. I know you would never marry me unless you did. I know, too, beforehand, all your scruples—all you will say about my mother, and her strong feelings as to caste. It is of no use entering upon that now. But, by-and-bye, three months hence, when I come back, if you can bring yourself to care about me, all that shall be made straight: I swear it shall."

When he had finished, Maud remained silent; and yet she knew that every instant aggravated the necessity of her saying something.

"I certainly can't promise what you wish, Mr. Cartaret. Putting my own feelings aside, and how recently you have outraged them, I should be disloyal towards your mother if I permitted you to use such language as this without—without—in short, if I am to believe that you are in earnest, of course the sooner you go away and forget this nonsense, the better. Think how your smart friends would laugh if they could hear you! I will remain with Mrs. Cartaret, for she has been most kind to me;

but for that very reason it would be doubly ungrateful of me to encourage this mad idea of yours. When you come back——" (she wanted to say, "I hope," but could not), "no doubt you will have forgotten it. And now, sir, it is getting dusk; I must return to the house."

And without waiting for his rejoinder she turned away, and walked rapidly across the park.

Lowndes Cartaret went up to London by the mail-train that night. His mother was always sorry when he left Beckworth; but at this particular moment, perhaps, she felt less so than usual. It was just as well, after what it pleased her to style his "stupid" conduct of the previous night, that he and Mary Hind should not meet for a time. Might it not be regarded in some sort as a concession to Mrs. Rouse and public opinion in the servants' hall?

Her satisfaction was of short duration. Early on the following morning a shabby man in a great coat came to the back-door, and asked to see Mary Hind. Mrs. Rouse, being informed of the fact, said it was just "like her impudence," and sailed out with an empurpled visage to tell the stranger to be off, as "no followers" were allowed here. But he said that in reply which caused her to change her tone.

The next minute he and the housekeeper were seated in her own room, with closed doors.

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